

# Puck

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## THEY WALKED RIGHT INTO IT.

THE BOSS RAT.—  
 THE CANDIDATE RAT.— } For heaven's sake, Chauncey, help us out of this!  
 THE AFTER-DINNER RAT.— } I'd like to, boys, but I'm in the same fix myself



## PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Kiepler &amp; Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 7th, 1891. — No. 761.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS A GENERAL THING, the Democratic party may be said to be more happy in the dogged persistence of its rank and file than in the generalship of its leaders; but now and then the Democratic leaders do a smart thing. This fact is giving bitter food for reflection to the Republicans who have incautiously accepted the challenge of the Democrats to discuss what is known as the World's Fair issue in the New York State campaign. There are some people in New York, mostly graduates of Harvard College, who did not care to have a World's Fair in New York. They thought it was vulgar, and likely to be a bore, and they were sure that we could n't manage it properly, and ought not to try. But these people are a small — a very small — minority. The great majority of New Yorkers know that whatever temporary inconvenience the Fair might have caused, it would have been of vast and permanent benefit to New York City and to New York State, in a thousand ways.

But New York lost the Fair. How and why she lost it New Yorkers are likely to learn, if they do not know now, before the end of this gubernatorial campaign. It is a woefully unpleasant and disgraceful story, and one that any self-respecting Republican would rather leave untold; for it is the tale of a base betrayal of the city's interests by the Republican citizens of New York, led, or rather driven, by Mr. Thomas C. Platt, of New York or anywhere else that may suit his convenience. But, however self-respecting Republicans may feel about it, it is a tale that is bound to be told over and over again in the few brief weeks before the next State election — and it is not likely that any details will be spared.

Nor is there any injustice in this recapitulation of a shameful story of the past. The Republicans are only reaping what they have sown. Putting all political considerations aside, and speaking as a journal that has for fourteen years carefully considered the ever-unsettled question of state and city government, we must frankly say that in their treatment of their own commonwealth and its greatest town, the New York Republicans are the meanest white men we know of. In other cities and other states Republicans and Democrats, whatever their differences may be as to national politics, unite in loyal citizenship, and put aside their party prejudices to unite in securing good government for themselves and their neighbors. The Republican minority in New York stands alone in its brutal selfishness, impotent for good, potent only for evil, and ready at any time to exercise that potency and to gloat over the mischief it can do to its own home and its own fellow-citizens.

New York is a doubtful state. Sometimes it is Republican; sometimes it is Democratic. That it is normally a Democratic state there is no doubt; but it has elected Republican governors often enough to show that its Democracy is by no means hide-bound. This means, of course, that with a Democracy capable of division, the Republican minority holds the balance of power. This is even more true of the city of New York. Here, beyond a doubt, the independent Democratic vote, *plus* the Republican vote, can elect any candidate. This is a most healthy and hopeful state of affairs. If the Democrats, by a majority vote of their own number, nominate an improper or incompetent candidate, the Republicans, themselves a minority, can combine with the Democratic minority that refuses to support the objectionable candidate, and elect a Democrat who is not objectionable. Of course they can not elect a Republican. Their minority is too small. Even if it is only the independent Democrats with whom they coalesce, they are in a minority, and have no right to dictate to the majority. But if they can not nominate and elect a Republican, they can nominate and elect a good Democrat. And what does it matter whether the Mayor of New York, for instance, be a Democrat or a Republican, so long as he is a good Mayor for New York?

It does n't matter to any rational citizen who loves his town and wants to see her well governed. But it does matter to the Republicans of New

York. They have lost all conception of citizenship in their one dominating idea of hating, fighting and injuring the Democratic party. They do not care to have New York well governed if she has to be governed by Democrats. They do not care if she loses the World's Fair, so long as her gaining it might reflect credit upon a Democratic administration. Her interests, her desires, her ambitions are nothing to them, children of hers though they are, so long as they can in some futile, mean, purposeless way embarrass the party that outnumbers them two to one.

There is no Republicanism about this. It is rank bad citizenship. But the Republican New Yorker who follows the lead of Tom Platt is a rank bad citizen. He does not want to see his town well cared for — unless his own party can do the caring for. He hates to hear of the efficiency of the Police and Fire Departments. He has no pride in knowing that the city's credit is good, that her bonds are an excellent investment. He looks with malice and bitterness of spirit upon her prosperity. He revels in exposing her defects and deficiencies. Every square foot of smooth asphalt pavement that is laid in her streets is a grief to his soul — because a Democrat is her Mayor. If a few stones are lifted in Broadway he says, "Why don't the authorities have these pipes and subways put in order once for all?" When the authorities start in to put the pipes and subways in order once for all, he cries out: "Why are the people outraged and the street torn up?" And therein you have the whole of his logic and the whole of his citizenship.

We say this in no spirit of partisanship. We repeat that we are discussing no question of Republicanism or Democracy. We speak as New Yorkers, who have suffered for years from the narrow and petty selfishness of a minority strong enough to obstruct any rational and possible scheme of local reform and improvement; far too weak to achieve anything by itself. If some of the sins of this mean Republican minority in New York are brought home to it in this campaign it will be the better for good government in the city and in the state.

## BEEN THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

The Great American Traveler

Was formerly Daniel Pratt,

But the title now should be bestowed

RANDP

G A

N 'S

UPO HAT.



## DURING THE CAMPAIGN.

CANDIDATE (to VOTER).—How do you do, my dear Mr. Haseed? And how is Mrs.—

CONSIDERATE VOTER.—Hi! Stop! Don't get in that mud. I'm going to vote for you any how.

# A PLEA FOR NATURE



[TOMMY SPEAKS:]

I LIKE NOT these toy animals  
All scattered on the floor;  
To Nature none of them is true —  
I'll play with them no more.

Just fancy yonder moolley if  
She could n't raise her heels;  
But with a platform 'neath her feet  
Could only frisk on wheels.

And think of ancient Dobbin, could  
He never caper free;  
But rocker-shod move only as  
A boat upon the sea.

How queer would seem our tabby cat  
If, like this rubber sham,  
She'd mew from a tin whistle blue  
Within her diaphragm!

Suppose the acrobatic frog  
Could never jump in glee,  
Until some one should happen by  
To wind him with a key.

Imagine, if you can, the lamb  
So innocent and sweet,  
Standing on a wind instrument  
To press to make her bleat.

How strange would seem our cockatoo  
Of language indiscreet,  
If he till wound could never say  
What I will not repeat.

I'm going to cast them all aside  
In heart-felt sorrow now,  
The horse, the lamb, the frog, the cat,  
The cockatoo and cow.

I think the men who make these beasts  
And birds should quickly be  
Compelled to go to school to learn  
Some natural history.

R. K. M.



## JUST A LITTLE CHANGE TO RELIEVE ALL HANDS.

OLD STOCK X. CHANGE.—My daughter's hand, eh? Well, I don't know much about you, young man, except that you seem a pretty decent sort of fellow. How is your business?

YOUNG MORRISON ESSEX (*modestly*).—Pretty fair, sir; my broker tells me I made twenty-five thousand dollars out of you on the last X., Y. & Z. deal.

## A DIFFERENT DOSE.

CUSTOMER (*in Kansas drug-store*).—I should like a small vial of *sporotrichum gobuliferum*.

DRUGGIST (*in hissing whisper*).—Sh-h-h-h! That's old Waters, the Prohibitionist, back there by the prescription case. You can't fool him.

CUSTOMER.—What do you mean? I merely asked for some of the fungus used to kill chinch bugs.

DRUGGIST.—Oh! I thought you were trying to ask for whiskey in a round-about way!

## COULD N'T STAND IT.

"What has become of Robinson?"

"He has gone out to Salt Lake City to live. He spent two months of last Summer at a Summer resort, and when he came back home it was too tame for him."

## "O DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE!"

GHOST OF JOSH BILLINGS.—And did you really once write for the *London Punch*?

GHOST OF W. M. THACKERAY (*apologetically*).—I did; but that was in the good old times.

## WHEN THE BEACHES ARE CLOSED.

MR. McFLIMSEY.—I don't understand why you should take so many Turkish baths.

FLORA McFLIMSEY.—That's the only place I know of where a girl can go who has n't anything to wear.

AN "OLD-FASHIONED MAJORITY" is not so much wanted as one that is up to the times.

## CHIRRUPINGS OF DAWN.

In the morning's breeze it comes to him,  
That Voice, in Sleep's last mazes —  
"If you ain't up in five minutes, Jim,  
Dad'll lam you just like blazes!"

G. E. Hanson.



## HE WILL BE MISSED.

"Going to the donkey party to-night?"

"No."

"Well, then, they'll have to postpone the party."

# HALF-TRUE TALES

Stories founded on fiction.

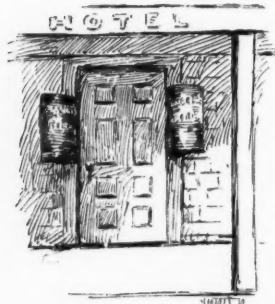
By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

## A ROMANCE OF THE FOREST.\*

"Dark the halls and cold the feast —  
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest."

THE EIGHT O'CLOCK TRAIN on the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad takes you away from the beautiful town of Marquette on Lake Superior, climbs slowly up to the iron hills, passes through Negaunee, Ishpeming, Michigamme, rival cities of the "Northern Peninsular," and bowling along at twenty miles an hour brings you at noon to Sidnaw, whence a short branch road extends to Ontonagon; and, if you have to change cars, may Heaven help you in your sorry plight, for you must wait four hours in a dreary place.



Two hundred feet from the track at Sidnaw station is a good-sized frame building with a hotel sign over the door, and a tin lager beer sign on either side of it. You get your dinner here, and after dinner you may sit on the hotel verandah and view the entire town and all of its inhabitants.

The town site comprises about half a forty (twenty acres it would be called in other parts of the country) of cleared land. The hotel before alluded to is set back against the woods on one side of the tract, while the business portion of the place — five saloons, a store and a board walk — skirts the other edge. The railroad track passes through the centre. There is no street. There are everywhere blackened tree stumps, and scattered blades of brown dry grass standing defiantly in a pepper-and-salt colored soil of muck and sand.

The main feature of Sidnaw is silence — the awful silence of the great surrounding forest; but it is broken at intervals by a dog fight or an explosion of oaths from the saloon district, where red-shirted slouch-hatted woodsmen from the lumber camps play cards, just visible within the darkened doorways.

A line of freight-cars stands on the track by the station, and now and then an engine, that has been sizzling and hissing all by itself among the trees, comes out and bumps these cars about in an aimless sort of way for a few moments, and then goes into retirement again.

You spend four hours in the contemplation of this scene; then that fool engine backs a lot of the freight-cars and an old passenger coach down to the station, and you get aboard and go to Ontonagon, the terminus of the road; and it takes you two hours to go — just half as long as it took to "change cars."

I had changed cars at Sidnaw once, and I was on my way thither again, depressed and low-spirited at the prospect before me, when, all suddenly, I was invited to attend a wedding while I waited; and once more the world looked rosy.

The prospective bride occupied the seat behind me in the car. I had not noticed her particularly until she bent forward, and, touching me on the arm, asked if I could inform her at what time our train was due in Sidnaw.

Then I turned, and beheld a lady of some forty Summers, wearing a flowery gown of white and green, with black lace mitts, and having beside her one of those big black ninety-cent traveling bags that circulate so freely in the West.

The ready politeness with which I answered her question encouraged her to ask more, and, eventually, I found it necessary to sit sideways that I might more conveniently keep up my end of the conversation, which shifted from one topic to another with wonderful rapidity, and, finally, merged into a romance of which she was the heroine, and to the completion of which I was cordially asked to lend my presence.

"It's eighteen years," she said, "since this Mr. Prince left Kaukauny and came up here into the lumber camps. Him and me was young folks then, and kep' company together a spell; but when he asked me to marry him I said, No; I would n't marry nobody. Then he went away, and I never heard of him till three years



ago he wrote, and said somebody'd told him I was single, and he was waitin' for me. Would n't never marry any other woman, he said, no how, and he hoped I'd take him into consideration again.

"That letter made me feel kind o' queer — to think he'd been so faithful all these years. I never believed he set so much store by me as all that. I was a good mind to write him a favorable letter right then and there; but when it come right to the point I could n't make up my mind to do it, so I just wrote him I wanted a year more to think about it.

"Well, I never heard a word from him no more than 's if he was dead till the year was up; then he wrote again, and said he was still waitin'.

"I put him off till Christmas, then till Spring; and so it's been a-goin' up to two weeks ago, when it come over me all to once that I was n't treatin' the man right. He'd been dreadful long-sufferin' and patient, and deserved his reward, and I set down and wrote him I'd have him.

"He wanted to come down to Kaukauny after me; but I would n't have it. I told him to save his money, and I'd come up. So we fixed it that way, and to-day the weddin' comes off, and I want you to be there. Mr. Prince's got a minister from Ontonagon, and he's invited a few of his friends to witness the ceremony, and I guess it'll be a pleasant, sociable little gatherin'. Any how, it'll be better than waitin' for the train, with nothing to do."

I agreed with the lady, and eagerly accepted her invitation. I had a curiosity to be-

hold this faithful old lover who had waited eighteen years — waited with infinite patience until the girl he loved had lost all of the attractions of youth, and yet loved on, and now was about to see his fond dreams realized. The story seemed rather pathetic to me, although its ludicrous side was very apparent, also.

Of the half-a-dozen passengers in the car, we were the only persons to alight when the train reached Sidnaw. I helped my companion with her



big valise, and she, carrying a large straw-board box and a parcel tied in a newspaper, followed me out of the car.

Two or three woodsmen, standing about the station, gazed idly at us as we stood undetermined which way to go. And one lean, sandy-whiskered man, who had been sitting on the platform at the further end, jabbing his knife into the boards, slowly arose and advanced.

She was eying him.

"Is this Miss Birtchet?" he asked with a sheepish smile.

"That 's my name," she answered;

"Artemisia Birtchet; and I must say, Abe Prince, that you seem dreadful glad to see me."

He held out his hand; but she could n't take it on account of the parcels, and he scratched his head with it.

"This ain't Wednesday," he suggested, after an interval of thought.

"I know it ain't," she answered; "and it ain't Tuesday or Monday; but it 's Thursday, August 13th, and I was to come the 13th if

I remember rightly, and I think I do."

He shifted his gaze to me and then looked at her again.

"By gosh!" he said, in a hollow voice; "I've lost my reckonin', somehow. I thought the 13th was a Wednesday, and I had that minister here yesterday."



"Well, where is he now?" asked Miss Birtchet, in a quick, harsh voice.

"He went back. I kinder thought you might have changed your mind again, and—" he struck himself on the leg. "I don't sec," he said, "how the devil I got off on that date. Are you sure *you* ain't made no mistake, Artemisia?"

"I'm sure I *have* made a mistake," answered Miss Birtchet, with withering sarcasm. "I've made the mistake of comin' 'way up here in the woods to marry a pesky fool; but thank heavens I ain't done it. If you'll be so kind and obligin' as to hold that bag a minit longer," she continued, turning to me, "I'll just step in here, and buy a ticket for Kaukauny."

The down train was approaching, and when Miss Birtchet appeared with her ticket I followed her into the railroad car.

"Are n't you a little hasty?" I asked.

"Little nothin'!" she snapped, and I saw that it would be of no use to argue with her. I left the valise and bade her good-by.

When the train was gone I went over to the hotel to get my dinner. Mr. Prince was sitting on the verandah, with his legs crossed and his thumbs under his suspenders. His aspect was grave.

"That was a rather bad mistake of yours," I ventured to remark.

"It's just as well," he answered; "I knew 't was just as well the minit I set eyes on her."

C. H. Augur.



#### THE WANE OF THE SUMMER SEASON.

WHEN the moon grows bright and the air grows cold,  
And the landscape melts into soft, clear grays;  
When the burr of the chestnut turns to gold,  
Then, is the end of the country days.

When the dew is touched with a silver frost,  
And the birds are gone from the leafless sprays;  
When the seaside charmer has charmed — and lost!  
Then, is the end of the country days.

When the lamp-light shines through the half-drawn shade,  
And the mind reverts to the old, sweet ways;  
When we hand our card to the white-capped maid,  
Then, is the end of the country days.

Harry Romaine.

#### CLOUDS' LININGS.

STRANGER (*brightly*).— Fine day!

CHRONIC GRUMBLER. — Ye-es — locally — probably raining somewhere.

#### THEY HAD NO USE FOR HIM.

"How did poor Waters happen to get lynched?"

"He got into the flooded district, and somebody spread a report that he was a Government rain-maker."



#### HE STARTED ON THE ARCHITECT'S FIGURES.

"Well, does your new house come up to your expectations?"

"Yes. It's a beauty. But I'm going to move."

"Why?"

"I can't afford to live in it."

#### A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT.

Young Myzer is quite liberal with his newly wedded wife,  
He supplies her with the loveliest steam-printed cheques in blank.  
The only little drawback to their happy married life  
Is his failure to deposit any money in the bank.



#### SIZING THEM UP.

MISS CONNY SEAYER.— What an amateurish lot of pictures! There seems to be no life or vigor in them.

JACK RITTICK.— Yes, the motto of the Hanging Committee was evidently "The weakest must go to the wall."

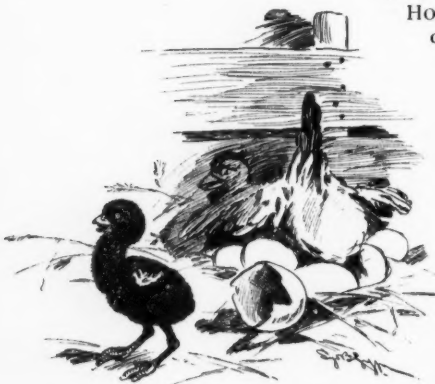


#### THAT WAS IT—SHE DID N'T SEE.

MISS CHARITY BALL.—They say Puttson Call is awfully rich. What's his business?

MISS GOLDUST.—He's a broker.

MISS BALL.—Well, I don't see how such a quiet, dignified man as he could ever make a fortune in the rush and bustle of the Stock Exchange.



"NOT IN IT."

EDITOR.—Yes; the paragraphers are sending in Christmas jokes already.

#### AT THE CONCERT.

BEEFLAT.—That man actually murdered the song, don't you think so?  
VAN HORN.—No; I did n't notice that the sound was deadened at all.

A CERTAIN TEMPERANCE AGITATOR recently drank water so riotously and to such excess that he saw water-moccasins. In self-defence he signed the intemperance pledge, and flew for protection to beer. There is no beer snake.

IT IS EASIER to take things philosophically than it is to part with them philosophically.

IN LOOKING for causes, the little thing under our nose is hardest to see. Just try to cast your eye on the centre of your own moustache.



PUTTSON CALL  
(next morning).—  
Eighty-seven an'  
a quarter! Yep!!  
Wow!! Whoop!!  
Eighty-seven an'  
a quarter!

#### JOY.

THE Orient's wealth,  
The diamond's gleam,  
The clink of gold—  
Are but a dream.

The lust for power,  
The greed for gain,  
Ambition's thirst—  
All, all are vain.

Who holds but these  
Can never feel  
The joyful thrills  
That o'er me steal,

When Sol has closed  
His blinking lids,  
And I play bear  
With my two kids.

Bob Wallace.

#### SHE THINKS DEEPLY.

"If he loves me he will never take that girl out to ride.

"He is merely pretending that he is going to.

"Goodness! he is actually helping her into the carriage.

"But he loves me, nevertheless.

"He is merely trying to make me jealous.

"I will try to be jealous, to please him."

#### NATURE ASSERTED HER RIGHTS.

FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN (*in surprise*, to PATIENT).—Why, you're getting better!

PATIENT.—Yes, Doctor.

FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN (*incensed*).—Well, did n't I tell you there was no hope for you?

PATIENT (*meekly*).—Yes, Doctor, you must excuse me; but I could n't help it.

THE BOY who thought it cowardly to say "I can't!" spent a large proportion of his growing years under the surgeon's care.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL—The Uncle who Declines to Die when His Will is Made.

MY HEART was broken years ago,  
I nicely saved the pieces;  
I give a chunk to every girl,  
And so my joy increases.



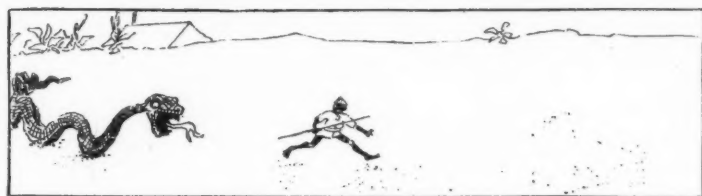
#### THOROUGHLY AU FAIT.

MR. R. KANSAW.—Yes, sir; when I stopped at the Palmer House in Chicago the waiter gin me a napkin, an' looked at me much as ter say: "Bet yer don't know what that's fer."

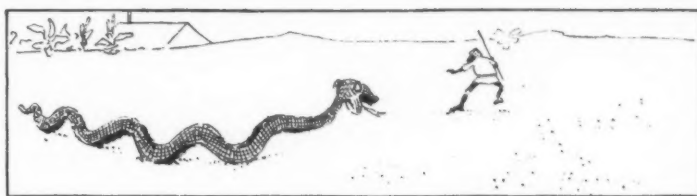
MR. MORRIS.—But you did, eh?

MR. R. KANSAW.—Wal, I guess so; I just kept my eye peeled for a minute, and then I tucked it under my chin and sailed in like the rest of 'em.

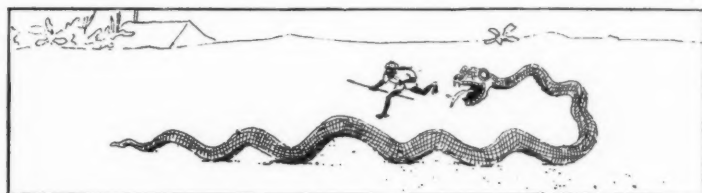
# AN "ARTFUL DODGER."



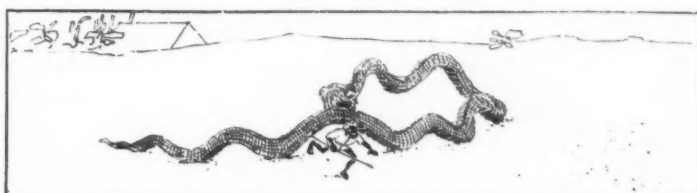
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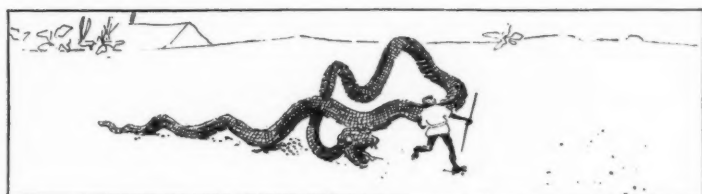
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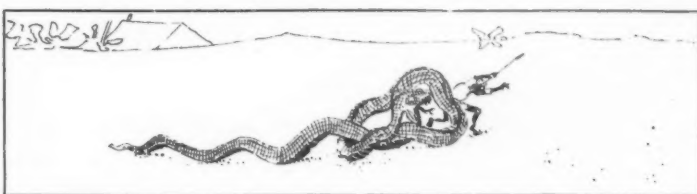
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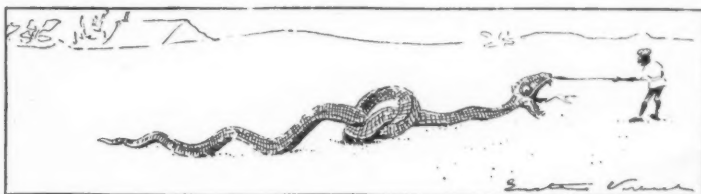
VI.

## NO CAUSE TO.

CROKER.—When I was abroad I saw only one city where the pavements are swept less frequently than in New York.

BRENNAN.—And what city was that?

CROKER.—Venice.



VII.

## OPEN TO REMARK.

"That is Talmage, is it? Is he a man of culture?"

"Well, judging from appearances, I fancy that at some time in his career he used to eat with his knife."



## NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

SING OF rural quiet and repose,

The sylvan silence, sweet to shattered nerves;  
The mournful dog, whose deep-mouthed baying serves  
To warn us when the full moon brightly shows;  
The calf-bereaved cow, that gently lows  
And shakes the dull air into wavy curves;  
The katydid, whose shrill note never swerves;  
The frogs, that croak down where the river flows;  
The hens, that squawk when foxy footsteps fall;  
The tree-toad, chirping from his cool retreat;  
The owl, screeching with unearthly call,  
Till slumber 's but a memory faint and sweet;  
I sing their praises! But I'd give them all  
For midnight silence of a city street.

Harry Romaine.

## HE FINISHES HIS WORK.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Worrit, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?"

"None of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves.

THE MAN who lives in the public eye must expect sometimes to be under the lash.

THE POLITICIAN who wants an eight-hour day for the workingman, takes good care to put in a sixteen-hour day for himself.

BOSS CROKER is said to wear a flower in his button-hole.

NECESSITY MAY be the mother of Invention; but very few tramps help to keep the grass from growing on the path leading to the Patent Office.

## THE BREED.

"Deah me," said Chappie, as he donned his sixth costume for the day; "I've been working like a horse."

"Ya-as," returned Doody, who is brighter than he looks; "like a clothes horse."

## UNDER THE SWORD.

LUCULLUS.—Hello, Dam, old boy; what are you doing these days?  
DAMOCLES (*with a nervous glance upward*).—Waiting for a hair-cut.

## TWO WAYS OF ACTING.

Two men, whose livers were not plumb,  
Were almost choked with spleen;  
One cursed his luck, the other wrote  
A poem for a magazine.



## THEY MUST GO.

MR. DINGY (*arriving*).—Ah, Hatley, you must have had pretty heavy weather, lately. All your head-gear blown away?

CAPTAIN HATLEY (*of the Whitecap*).—No; oh, no! But since you people ashore have monopolized the yachting cap this season, we yachtsmen felt we ought to wear something to distinguish us from landlubbers.



VICTIMS OF TEMPORARY  
"Big Crops? General Prosperity? Fine Weather?"



**TEMPORARY ABERRATION.**  
Weather? Why, certainly. We did it!"



WE NEVER REALIZE WHAT GUYS WE HAVE BEEN IN LIFE UNTIL  
WE LOOK BACK AT THE FASHION-PLATES OF OUR YOUTH.

## AN OCTOBER IDYL.

SHE WAS ONE who had lingered late in the Mountains, and to-day she sat on the rustic bench beneath the oak-tree, gazing pensively at the broad bosom of the placid river far below her, where a single white sail stood motionless, gleaming in the sunlight.

A light, quick step approached from behind, and a young man came into view.

"Ah, Reginald," she said, turning toward him. "Have you not gone yet?"

"Why, I have only just come," he said, reproachfully.

"Oh, you misconstrue!" she replied. "Let me put it differently. Ah, Reginald, have you not gone *back to the city* yet?"

"Pardon my stupidity, Rose," said the young man. "I have staid—to be near you."

"And is it so stupid to be near me?" The reproach was in her voice now—that same reproach.

"Huh—no! not that!" he replied, quickly. "It can not be stupid where you are, Rose."

"Why, can't it?" she asked, gazing at him with a puzzled look and her mouth partly open.

"Because—because I shan't let it."

He advanced toward her.

Her eyes flashed.

"Not a step farther!" she cried.

He stopped, terrified.

"Why not?" he asked, catching his breath neatly, with one hand.

"Because I prefer to have you come a step *nearer*," she answered, calmly; and he came a-running.

She gave him her hand to kiss.

"Nearly every one has gone, now," she said, gazing dreamily o'er the landscape; "but I love to remain with the river, the hills, the trees. They stay on."

"Ah, yes!" said Reginald, holding her little hand lightly in his own, and fumbling nervously in his vest-pocket. "The trees—they won't leave till Spring, and the river—the river runs down to the city every day; but it stays here just the same, it does; and the hills—the hills won't go away; they were raised here, the hills were—they were raised here."

He seemed wandering and strangely excited; but she did not notice, or, if she did, she did not let on.

"But, when we are gone and the Winter comes," she murmured; "then it will be cold and dreary here, and silent save for the echo of the hunter's horn. They hunt here, don't they, Reginald?"

He started. "Hunt?" he said; "yes; I'm hunting, and I'll find it yet; I—"

She turned away her face.

"I mean, Reginald, that they come here in the Winter to shoot; do they not?"

"Yes; they chute ice into those ice houses," he said, following her gaze. Then his face brightened, and putting his fingers into his upper pocket he pulled out a gold ring, set with lovely diamonds—one great

big one and about eleven little ones, and not so very, very, very little, either.

"Rose," he said, flashing this in her face, "Will you be mine?"

"O Reginald!" she cried, blinking, "wire Papa."

M. W.

## NOT IN IT.

"Suppose the world were a loaf of bread, and you owned it?"

"I should devote the inside to charity, and live on the crust."

## A CLASS PLEASURE.

"You don't follow the hounds much in this country, do you, Miss Hawkins?" asked Lord Noodleby.

"No; we have professional dog-catchers," replied Miss Hawkins.

## OUT OF SIGHT.

"There was a fight down the street a little while ago, but they could n't find a detective."

"What use did they have for a detective?"

"They wanted him to find a policeman."

## NOW AND THEN.

FATHER.—Come, now, my son; stop beating about the bush. Will you bring the coal?

OLD UNCLE JOHN.—When I was a boy I didn't beat about the bush much; if I was slow about doing an errand, the bush had a fashion of beating about me.



IF THE average pessimist were as intimately acquainted with his own character as he is with those of his neighbors, his pessimism would be largely explained.

ALL MEN are equal in this country until they are honored with public office. The mud-slinger then rubs his hands in anticipation of a job.

AN ASSUMED NAME—A Wife's.

BY GAS LIGHT—The Balloon.

"WHAT is the proper way to conduct yourself when you are engaged?"  
"Just as though you were not."  
"And when you are not engaged?"  
"Just as though you were."

UPSIDE DOWN—The Moustache.

CAST IRON—Quoits.

A DASH OF WATER—The Mill—

"LOVE WON ANOTHER!" said the man who had just married his second wife.

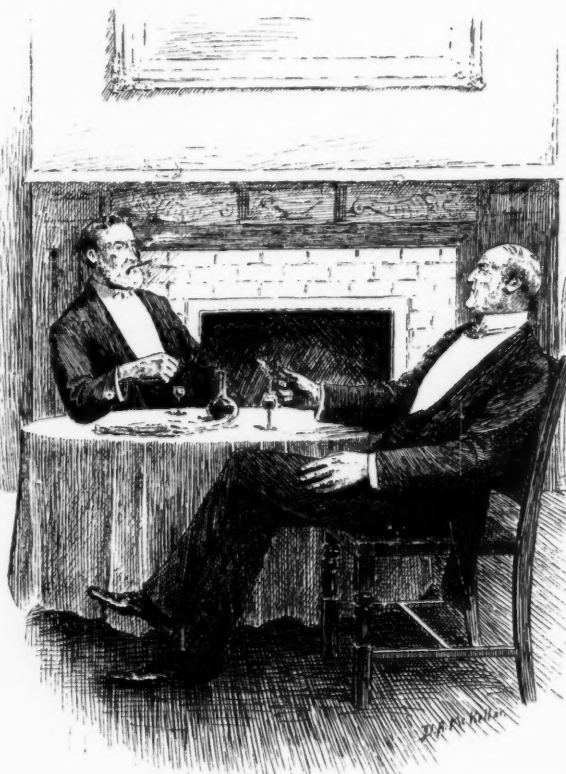
MRS. BLEW.—Where is Robert?

MAJOR GREEN.—He went into the dark-room with Ethel to develop a negative.

MRS. BLEW.—By the time they've been gone, I fancy they are developing an affirmative.

AN OBITUARY CALL-EM—Gabriel's Trump.

IN MEDIAEVAL TIMES middle-aged people must have been unusually plentiful.



## A SLIGHT BREAK.

JARVIS.—Well, after all, our college days were the happiest days of our lives.

SHARP.—Yes; as the poet truly said, "Where ignorance is bliss—"

## WHAT WILL COME OF IT?

**FOR SALE**—THE LEE COUNTY NEWS, published at Smithville, Ga., a town of about 800 inhabitants. Has an excellent job printing outfit. Only paper in the county. Will be sold at a sacrifice, because the present publisher wants to attend school. Address, GEO. E. CLARKE, Smithville, Ga.

—Printer's Ink, Sept. 9th.

**HERE'S MODESTY!** a thing so rare  
In editors of weekly journals,  
That Georgia could much better spare  
A full battalion of her Colonels.

Now, with the craft it's not the rule  
To train for editorial labor;  
They want, in place of lore from school,  
Paste, scissors and a sharpened Faber.

But George will sell his Smithville sheet  
To the first blacksmith who would buy it;  
Then shall some office cat complete  
Clarke's training with a paper diet.

And back to Georgia he will hie,  
And when the weekly *News* says *vale*,  
The worn-out properties he'll buy,  
And start an illustrated daily.

R. W. M.

## APPROPRIATE.

"Why is he called the Prince of Wales?"  
"Because he's the biggest fish in the swim."

**THE WHITE STAR LINE**—The Milky Way.

**POLYSYLLABLES**—"Want a cracker?"

**IT IS TRUE** that man is the architect of his own fortune; but he can not get the sun in every room.

**THE PROPHETS** of science are wiser than the prophets of religion. When they predict the end of the world, they put it so far in the future that no one can live to contradict them.



## CONSOLING.

PORTER (to FRIEND, who has just fallen down the hatchway).—Never mind, Jimmy, there's only one more floor.

## GREATNESS OVER-RIPE.

A Certain Pig, having Waxed Great in his Sty, came to the conclusion that he Filled the Place nicely. And, indeed, he Filled it so Well that, not being able to Turn around, he failed to see the Butcher when that individual Approached from Behind and inflicted a Death-Blow.

It may add to the Complacency of a Public Officer when the End of his Nose is the Limit of his Vision; but it does n't increase his Security.

**SO SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW IT**—The Dude.

**WE DON'T** go on Crusades nowadays, but we manfully try to get away with "the turk" at Christmas time.

"**BOSCHE** WRITES over an assumed name."

"Modesty?"

"No. Self-respect, I fancy."



## FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

**OLDEST INHABITANT.**—Yes; this is a purty good rain for one o' them cheap machines. Ye know, I ken remember when we had to wait fur rain to come itself.

**DERBY DAY**—When the Straw Hat is Laid on the Shelf.

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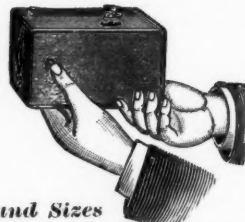
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VISITOR.—Exactly, sir. What do you want me to do?

MAN OF THE HOUSE.—I want you to go up in it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

MRS. BACON.—Is this young salad?

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### MUSICAL CRITICISM.

MISTRESS (*benevolently, to her maid, in anticipation of a compliment*).—What would you do, Jane, if you could play the piano as well as I do?

JANE.—I should take a few lessons, Ma'am.—*Drake's Magazine.*

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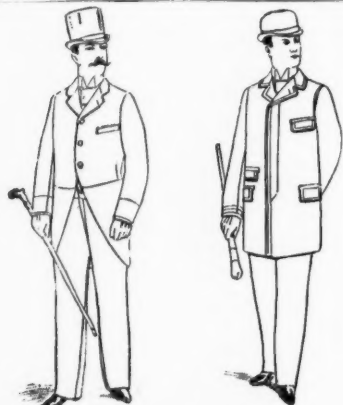
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MRS. CLANTY.—Yis; thank ye, very well.

MRS. PHELIN.—And shtrong?"

MRS. CLANTY.—Yis; quoitie shtrong.

MRS. PHELIN.—Thin perhaps, Mam, ye 'd be able to brin' back the two washtubs yez borrid lasht Monday.—*Drake's Magazine.*

#### RUBBING IT IN.

MISS PENELOPE.—I should n't think you 'd want to marry a man from Buffalo.

MISS HENRIETTE (of Boston).—Oh, I don't know; there are some very nice people in Buffalo.

MISS PENELOPE.—Er—does your Mr. Raymond know them?—*Harper's Weekly.*

#### SACRIFICING EVERYTHING TO ART.

HUMBLE CITIZEN.—See here, barber; you 've cut off a piece of my ear.

TONSorial ARTIST.—Yes; they seemed to me a trifle large.—*Boston Courier.*

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A GOOD liar is better company than a truthful man with an impediment in his speech.—*Drake's Magazine.*

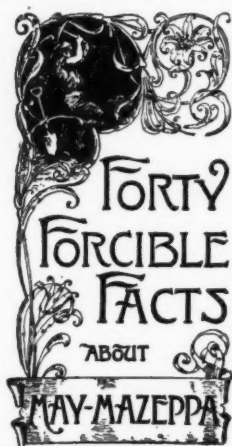


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When a powder magazine blows up, it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.—*Texas Siftings.*

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"To go or not to go," that is the question. Well, we will go! But how? Buy a Magic Pocket Bank and you will "get there" without feeling it. Locks and registers deposited! Opens itself when \$5 in dimes have been deposited. Fits Vest Pocket! Postpaid to any address on receipt of 25c. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Agents wanted. Write for circulars of Magic Novelties. Mention This Paper.

MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO., 227 Broadway, New York.



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for repairing china, glassware, furniture, vases, toys, meerschaum, books, tipping billiard cues, etc., 15 and 25 Cts. MAJOR'S LEATHER & RUBBER CEMENT, 15 Cents. MAJOR'S best LIQUID GLUE for repairing wood, 10 cents.

For sale by all dealers.

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For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 30 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Fittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

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Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

THE souvenir spoon insanity has furnished Nebraska with a spoon that has a grasshopper crawling up the handle.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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SILK NOVELTIES.

Plain and Fancy Veloutines, Failles, Pompadours in black and colored grounds, white and colored Brocades in metal effects. White Satins, Brocades and Failles for Wedding dress. Embroidered Crepe de Chine and Mousseline de Soie. Crepon and Gaze for evening Wear.

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The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.

BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND. HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Have you written

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER AND BROKER,

50 Broadway, N. Y., for his circular?

Two boys were observed leading home a cow. One boy had hold of a rope tied around her horns, while the other had hold of her tail. A gentleman asked him why he kept hold of the cow's tail.

"Well," said the boy, "when she walks along all right John leads her by the rope, and when she walks backwards I lead her by the tail."—*Boston Courier*.

ALL animals have their good points; but for abundance of the same none can compete with the porcupine.—*Texas Siftings*.

Look out for counterfeits! Buy the genuine Salvation Oil, the great pain cure. 25 cents. Miss Emma E. cured an attack of incipient consumption with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

361 MILES IN 360 MINUTES,

436 1/4 MILES IN 425 1/4 MINUTES,

actual running time, is the record of the special train over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, from New York to Buffalo, September 14th, 1891. This breaks all previous records for long runs on either side of the Atlantic.

"The mountains, whose ranges and arms encircle the region of New York City, make a hard way to travel for the railroads that attempt to go directly westward. The only fairly level pathway out of the great natural amphitheatre is by the water line of the Hudson River, the route followed by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. This company has a practically level road from New York to Lake Erie, which gives it advantages for speed-making and for train movement possessed by none of its competitors. Fast trains, run at frequent intervals and run on time, invite the public to take this natural highway to the West. From what I have experienced during short spurts on other runs, I do not believe that any discomfort would be experienced by passengers on a fine road-bed like the New York Central, if a speed of 100 miles an hour were maintained."—ANGUS SINCLAIR, in *The National Car and Locomotive Builder*.



## EVERY MAN GROWS A MUSTACHE

IS IT A THING OF BEAUTY? IF NOT,

Use the Mustache-Improver (an instrument). It will make you look like a different man, and change physiognomy to advantage. Sent on receipt of 40 cents, postal note or stamps. Mention this paper. **RUSSELL & CO., 6 DEY ST., N. Y.**

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to you that PEARS' SOAP is over 100 years old nor that it has a larger sale than any other toilet soap in the world, but it does matter whether you use upon your skin a poor soap or a good one. That PEARS' SOAP is the best soap is attested by the judges in every international exhibition from the first in London, 1851, to the last in Edinburgh, 1890.

Beware of substitutes and poor imitations. Be sure you get the genuine PEARS' SOAP.

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INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge. No Salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3390, New York City, N. Y.

# THE MARVELOUS MOQUI SNAKE DANCE



By DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, of the Smithsonian Institution. Illustrated from photographs which are said to be the only ones ever made. All of our illustrations are made direct from photo. negatives, hence are absolutely true. This article is illustrated, showing

*The Beginning of the Dance, Handling Live Rattle Snakes, Hualpi*, where the dance was held, and *Moqui Indian Girl*. The above is but one of the many articles and illustrations, the special feature of the **OCTOBER Great Divide** will be its Art Supplement, an Aquarelle in

seven colors, suitable for framing, of

## TOLTEC GORGE

the incomprehensible wonder of the Rockies, frozen in mid-summer, yet surrounded by beautiful foliage.

## TWENTY GEMSTONES

Cut and polished for jewelry mounting.

## ALL FREE WITH THE GREAT DIVIDE

These Gemstones are as follows: *Cameo, Goldstone, Tiger Eye, Sard-Onyx, Fancy Crocidolites, Ribbon Agate, Carnelian, Jewel Agate, Satin Spar* (the peer of Moonstone), *Montana Moss Agate, Agate* for sleeve buttons, *Green Moss Agate, Striped Agate* for ladies' brooch, *Petrified Wood*, etc., given free as a premium to each new yearly subscriber, if \$1.00, price of yearly subscription, is sent within 30 days of the date of this journal. Each Gemstone is honestly worth 50 cents, and some can not be bought for \$1 each of any jeweler, and the total value is over \$10. You naturally say, "Can this be true?" We positively *guarantee* to refund your money if you are not fully satisfied. Our reason for offering this costly premium is:

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**MARVELOUS** as this inducement seems, you may rest assured it is genuine, or the publishers of this paper would not print this advertisement; therefore send \$1.00 to-day for a year's subscription, and the twenty Gemstones will be sent the same day your order is received; or, if you prefer, your newsdealer will get it for you. Sample copy, 10 cents. Always address, **THE GREAT DIVIDE, 1516-18 Arapahoe St., DENVER, COL.**

A STAMP COLLECTOR—The Doorstep.—*Puck*.  
THE STAMP ACT—A CLOG DANCE.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

THE proverb, "Idleness covers a man with rags," has been altered in Ireland to "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."—*Drake's Magazine*.

**FURNITURE. NOT EQUALED.**

A REVOLUTION IN A NEW PRINCIPLE.

**THE GUNN FOLDING BED CO.,**  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
13 STYLES, combining every class of Furniture.  
Send for Catalogue.

**DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR WRITE**

For Premature Grayness and Loss of Hair, use **Rancour's Quinine Tonic**, price \$1. For Dandruff, itching, or mild Eczema, use **Rancour's Dandruff Specific**, \$1. If you have any trouble of hair or scalp, send 10c for **Valuable Book Treating on Same**. For Skin and Scalp. For Curing 1 edies' Bangs. **Rancour's Medicinal Soap.** **Rancour's Bang Curier.** **Rancour Hair Remedy Co., Albany, N. Y.**  
Consultation free. (Correspondence Solicited) **TO-DAY!**

## Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

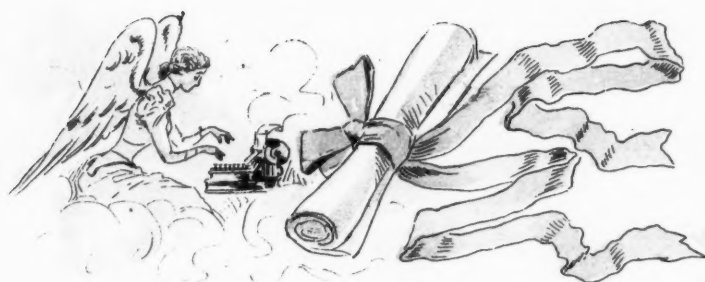
OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of **CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough**

or Severe Cold I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

You never know how fond you are of a boy until you become engaged to his sister.—*Drake's Magazine*.

# PUCK.



## ONE KIND.

WHEN JONES engaged a typewriter, his friends were greatly pleased; They chuckled and they snorted till they hiccuped and they sneezed; They slapped each other on the back, and poked each other's ribs; And behaved like little children fit for pinafores and bibs.

They said, "Here's dear old Jonesy, the steadiest of us all, Has gone in for femininity, and has made a splendid haul; He's engaged the prettiest little girl that ever fingered keys; And if she does n't do for Jones, why, Jones is hard to please."

And fair was that young typewriter, and beautiful to see; Her eye was blue, and her cheek was red, and her voice was melodee. And not a one of Jones's friends could win from her a bow; And they said, "the iniquitous sinner has spell-bound the girl, somehow."

For he took the girl to dinner, and he took her up the road; He had a sleigh awaiting her the very first day it snowed; And in the broiling Summer he took her to Coney Isle; And he married her in the Autumn, and they went away for awhile.

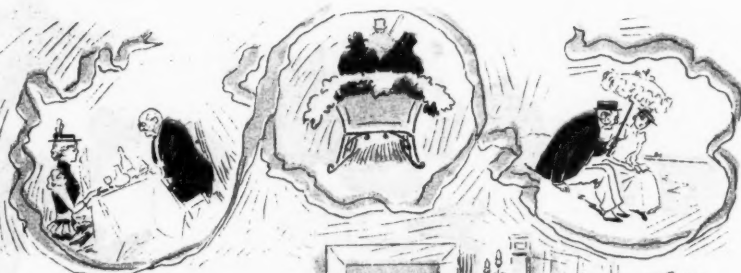
After which a few of his friends conspired to give him a call, Wilkinson, Doubleday, Hicks, Haggerty, Jimson and all; They found his house up in Harlem, and called for him at the door; Jimson, Haggerty, Hicks, and a couple of dozen more.



And when Old Jonesy appeared, they cried, in a ringing chime: "We've come to see you and Mrs. Jones, and to have a high old time. The man who marries his typewriter owes something to the boys; And unless you're prepared to pay it, look out for a bit of noise!"

Then Jones smiled kindly on them, and said: "You do me proud, And I will take you out with me, if I may be allowed. My wife and I are going, if you'll kindly join, at two, To meet the Sons of Temperance, who wear the ribbon blue."

"At four we see the Sacred Friends; at five attend prayer meeting; And then we'll see the Dorcas girls, to give them friendly greeting; And then upon our homeward way we'll take in the Y. M. C. A., And with a little mission-work we'll finish up the day."



And that body of tough citizens they went the programme through; Because it did not just appear there was anything else to do. And since, they have thought and thought and thought, until one thought fills their minds:

"Women may be typewriters — and of two or three different kinds."

